

## Note and Comment

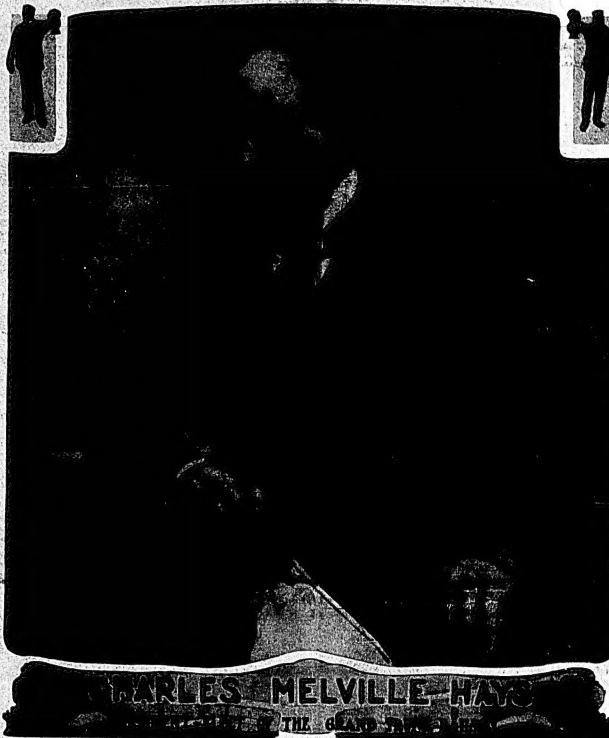
Mr. Oliver should take his treaty commissioner, Mr. H. A. Conroy, in hand. The Edmonton Bulletin has been using up much good space in an effort to prove the craziness of the scheme to build a railway to Fort McMurray. Such a line, it contends, couldn't pay, except in the remote future, and the province if it goes on with the enterprise is bound to be mulcted to a very large sum. The strange part of the situation is that the provincial government in its efforts to secure the building of such a line has been guided, to a very considerable extent, by the very ample testimony which Mr. Oliver's officials of the Department of the Interior have been furnishing as to its possibilities. Mr. Conroy has been travelling through the country to be opened up for more than ten years back and this is part of an article which he contributes to a very creditable special number of the Lacombe Globe, which has just been issued:

"Many who have been on the fringe of the great north land," he writes, "but who know very little about it, have made statements that it is not fit for cultivation or civilization or any other 'ation.' I might here be permitted to state a few of the resources of that immense country. In the first place we have those great inland lakes which contain an unknown wealth of fish which forms the food for the scanty population that reside in that tract of country. While we have limestone, oil, gas, asphaltum, coal and a large quantity of pure salt with gold, silver, copper, lead, we can easily see that the natural resources are immense. One thing that is well known is that the country has not been properly prospected as it ought to have been. The people who went through to the Yukon in 1898, and 1899, at that time did not prospect more than a mile or two from the shore of the lake or river. That was one of the reasons given by a great many of these people who said there was nothing in the north country of any value."

"Of course they may have had some reasons for kicking, but they did not do any prospecting of any account. My opinion is that this great north will support a large population and some day will be settled clear through to the Arctic Circle. Better country cannot be found than that in the Mackenzie valley with its magnificent uninterrupted water-route of one thousand four hundred miles. More than four-fifths of this route is suitable for cultivation and all kinds of grasses and small fruits grow in abundance. I have seen strawberries, raspberries and currants, white, red and black, and two or three varieties of cranberries. My opinion is that the sunlight is so continuous that from the middle of May to the middle of August there is not much chance of summer frosts. It takes just as much sunlight to produce these fruits as it does in any part of the southern countries. When this part of the country is properly opened up and its natural produce can be disposed of to advantage, my opinion is that it will not be long before it will be settled by thousands of ranchers. I have been travelling through this country for ten years and the more I see of it the better its possibilities seem to me for agricultural, stock-raising and dairying purposes. There is good water and plenty of the best hay and grass for feed. The summers are delightful and the winters are not as dreadful as one is led to believe."

Mr. Conroy's opinion is fully borne out by that of many others who are in a position to speak with authority. The providing of proper transportation facilities must mean nothing less than an economic revolution for the whole of this part of Canada. The Saturday News has from the first been convinced that of all

## After the G. T. P. President



The Edmonton Board of Trade made a strong protest to Mr. Hays this week against the delay in establishing an efficient passenger and freight service on his line.

the railway projects now before Alberta, there was none that would mean so much to every section of the province as this. That its carrying out has been delayed by such a political agitation as that which has produced so much chaos in our affairs in recent months is a public calamity. The narrowness of the outlook of those who have engineered it will be a matter of wonder to the Albertans of a decade hence.

Some picturesque references to the member for Peace River are appearing in the press of the Dominion. For instance the Ottawa Journal says:

"It now turns out that James Cornwall, M.P.P. of Alberta, a Canadian millionaire, was sixteen years ago a tramp, a member of 'Coxey's Army,' possessing nothing but what he carried on his back. And it is significant that his luck changed and his prosperity commenced when he crossed the forty-ninth

parallel and became a Canadian. As Dickens showed in the case of Wilkins Micawber, many a man who contains within him the potentiality of greatness, remains for years a failure because he remains on the wrong spot of the earth for his abilities to develop."

It is doubtful if Mr. Cornwall is a millionaire at present, but he is the stuff of which millionaires are made, a man who looks into the future and sees what it is certain to bring forth long before the bulk of those about him awake to its possibilities. No one doubts that Mr. Cornwall, with his knowledge of the country, will profit largely by the opening up of the north. He has not denied the fact, but incidentally by keeping before the public to the extent that he has the need of taking active measures for its development, he has performed a very genuine service to all who have large interests at stake in Alberta.

Nor is Mr. Cornwall an American by birth. He is a native of Brantford, Ontario.

Alberta and Texas are engaged in keen rivalry for immigrants. On another page of this issue there is published an article which should provide some material for our agents. But Mr. Hotchkiss' Texan prototypes are not losing any opportunity of presenting the other side of the picture. One of them blew into New York the other day and this is what he told a newspaper reporter:

"If all the mules raised in Texas were rolled into one that animal could drink the Gulf Stream dry in fifteen minutes. It is neither idle to hope nor extravagant to assert that with the proper development of its opportunities Texas will within another generation send rice to China, Porcelain to Japan, marble to Italy, dressed meat to Chicago, flour to Minneapolis, cloth to Massachusetts, steel to Pennsylvania and Presidents to Washington."

"The people will want to lynch the nigger when I take him south. I don't expect to get him back to Oklahoma without trouble." This is what Sheriff Fox, of Stillwater, in that State, told a newspaper man when he came to Edmonton to take south Jim Chapman, the man who confessed to the murder of Lawrence Matthews, a white resident of Stillwater. Chapman is alleged to have murdered Matthews, stolen his wife and escape to Canada.

The Sheriff's remarks may be fairly interpreted as affording a very reasonable explanation why the negro is glad of the opportunity to move to Canada. But it is not to his ultimate interests, any more than it is to ours, for him to come north. His problem will not be made any easier by his moving further away from the country with whose economic and other interests he has been so closely associated.

The death of Mark Twain removes a unique and lovable personality. Whether his work justifies the enigmisms which have been passed upon it within

the past week is very doubtful. To most of us it is as the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn that he appears best entitled to distinction. It has been said that he outlived the school of humor to which he belonged, which is probably correct. People have never ceased to laugh at what he said and wrote, but once a man gets a reputation along these lines, he never lacks an amused audience. His name carried his jokes through. The story is a familiar one of how an audience almost went into convulsions when Artemus Ward's manager came out to make a simple announcement. They were under the impression that it was Artemus himself and had come prepared to laugh at anything he said.

This advice, given by an energetic, efficient business man to a friend, who was going back to work after having been compelled to stand

## The Alberta Musical Festival



The chorus and orchestra at last year's gathering, with the officers and Judges of the Festival in front.

Those who were fortunate enough a year ago to be in attendance at the first Alberta Musical Festival will need no urging to attend the second to be held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday next, particularly when it is stated that the prospects for an even greater success are decid-

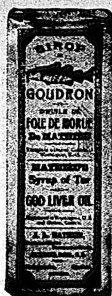
edly encouraging to the committee in charge. The entries almost in every class are in excess of last year and the most gratifying feature is the increased interest from a provincial standpoint. The energetic secretary, T. H. Griffiths, is besieged by enquiries and reports from all parts

of the province which clearly indicate that Edmonton will be the Mecca for hundreds of Albertans on May 4th and 5th.

The special rate of single fare return on all railroads removes the one great obstacle—  
(Continued on Page Eight.)

(Continued on Page 8.)





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Lettuce, Tomatoes, Celery, Radishes  
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## AN OLD SHARK'S CAREER IN WALL STREET

The Remarkable Story of Daniel Drew, Now  
Told in a Book Which Traces the Growth  
of his Fortune.

The candid confessions of a rich Wall street shark and trader of the halcyon days of Fisk and Tweed—embodying the science of watering stocks and milking railroads—are contained between the covers of "The Book of Daniel Drew," which has just appeared.

The present generation know little about Daniel Drew; it may know his name, little more. A generation or two ago he was a more familiar person than the late Russell Sage is today. But even in his own time Drew could not have been understood outside of his intimates among Wall street magnates and railway "kings" so clearly as he is revealed in this strange book of his life.

### How He Exploited the People

The events narrated deal with the development of navigation in the Hudson river, the Erie railroad and its vicissitudes, early days of Wall street, the religious spirit of a former age, the Tweed ring in New York city, and many other subjects that have a living interest, and may stand as vivid examples of the exploitation of the people—now coldly and frankly told. Speaking of the manipulations of Erie shares, Drew shamelessly says: "This is the advantage of operating from the inside. You win both going and coming."

The civil war afforded Drew and his associates vast opportunities for making money. Drew tells how they bribed telegraph operators, soldiers, and even some generals for advance information of the "doings at the front." But he couldn't reach Lincoln. He said: "We didn't dare make offers of this kind to Abe himself. Lincoln was an impractical man, so far as making money went. All he thought about was to save the union. He used to get very peevish at some of us money kings."

### His Diary is Edited

The Drew book is edited by Bouck White and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. In an editorial note Mr. White tells us that though the book is written in the first person, Daniel Drew did not leave his manuscript in finished form. The diary of Daniel Drew was discovered in 1903, and has only just been prepared for publication by Mr. White. The papers from which the book was made were "in the most jumbled and helter-skelter form imaginable, and even when he had Drew's words to guide him, he had to put them into shape for the 'easy comprehension of the reader.' Mr. White frankly tells us that:

"In altering his grammar and spelling, therefore, so as to make for easy reading, much of the tang and originality which, to those who knew him, Daniel Drew possessed to an uncommon degree, has undoubtedly been sacrificed. In order to whip the life-story here recorded into something approaching coherence and clearness I have had to shape the thing from start to finish."

Nevertheless the homely expressions of Drew are there—the quintessence of a reader's talk that outdoes the manner of David Harum.

### Jason Gould; Otherwise Jay.

The first of these remarkable memoirs deals with Jay Gould. Drew, modestly and truthfully, says that he never was much of a "writer's work." Jay was the boy for that. I mean Jason Gould. (He got to calling himself "Jay" and so the rest of call him by that name, too.) In our doings—I mean the doings of Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and me, for we were in partnership together a long time. Jay would do most of the writer's work. "Jay, you're the ink slinger," Jimmy would say to him, and would pull him up to the table and slap a pen in his hand. We would do it so rough that Jay, who was a slip of a man would wince. But Jimmy had no hearty way of slapping you on the shoulder with his big paws that nobody could stay mad at him for very long together.

Then Mr. Drew quotes a couple of paragraphs from Jay Gould's "History of Delaware County," of which he says: "You will have to foot it many a mile to find writing to equal that." When Drew complimented Gould on his literary work he replied:

"'Twasn't I," he said; "it's nothing but a lot of gush written when I was a youth out there back in the Catskill

mountains." Jay always was modest. He didn't like to be pushed to the front. Jimmy was the boy—I mean Jim Fisk—to occupy the front pew. He never minded it a bit; in fact would rather sit there than anywhere else in meeting—that is, so to speak, because Jimmy didn't go to meeting really.

### Mother Gives Him \$100.

It is said that \$100 put into Commodore Vanderbilt's hands by his mother was the foundation of his fortune. According to Daniel Drew \$100 put into his hands by his mother was the foundation of his fortune. Though under age Drew was a soldier in the war of 1812. After he had mustered out of service he "had a smack of big things" and decided that farm life was too tame for him. Going to his mother he said:

"Mother, I want my substitute money. I'm going into business." "Goodness sakes!" she replied. "What is it this time? Some new fangle, I bet, to waste your money on." "No new fangle at all," said I. "I'm going to be a drover. I'm going to buy up cattle for the city market. And I need the hundred dollars to start me off. I'm young, but that's the time to start in. Early sows, early mows." "But are you sure, Danny," said she (for the idea began to take hold of her), "are you sure that you won't lose the money by it? I told her I'd planned the thing all out; it was going to be a money maker. She handed the hundred dollars over to me and I became a drover.

### Goos to New York; Meets Astor.

Drew's droving business prospered and he finally got to New York. One of the first persons he met when he reached this city was aman whom he describes as "Hen Astor," to whom he sold some of his live stock. They met at a tavern and Drew was in hopes that Astor would drink something, but he only took water.

I was in hopes he'd go into the taproom, but he took something. Because he was bargaining with a man, it's always easier if he's got something inside. For then he makes a rosy view of things, and doesn't stop to haggle over pennies. Get all inside of a man, it makes him speak as he thinks. But Astor wouldn't take anything. He only asked the landlady for a drink of water. Then I saw that I had an uphill job on my hands. I was glad that he hadn't come in a gig and brought his wife along. Because then I'd have had two of them against me; and Hen Astor's wife, Dorothy, was a money maker, just like himself. She used to help him in the slaughter house, doing up butcher's small meats—that is, the tongue, liver, kidneys, and such like. She helped make him the rich man that he got to be after a while. I knew that with Hen Astor by my side I was going to have my hands full. But I went to it with a will. I asked him to wait for me a minute while I stepped out to see if my horse was being fed.

### Drew Waters the Stock.

Drew took this opportunity, once outside of Astor's sight, to have his stock watered—not the only time Drew's stock was watered. It gave them a chance to swell up and look big and weigh heavy. He had even gone so far as to give them salt to eat, "so that they sucked the water in like sponges." When he came back to the tavern, he and Astor talked business. Astor discussed his troubles: "The life of a cattle butcher, Danny, isn't what it used to be. There are so many in the business nowadays. And housewives come to my stall there in the Fulton market and buy my best meats—top slices, no second cuts for them—and then, when I or Dorothy go to see them, they won't pay their bills. And the stall is getting so crowded, the hucksters and salad women have been signing a paper against me, because, they say, I built my stall across the whole end of the market, and have crowded them out under the eaves, where they're exposed to the sun and weather. I'm a licensed victualler—I press 'em, I've got some rights there. And then, too, the city fathers these days are getting so pernickier; You remember the market used to be on Maiden Lane—it was built over a running stream that was used as a city sewer. Very handy for us, because we could draw the swill and such like right through a hole in the floor.

But the city board didn't do anything else but talk everlastingly about "nauseous and pestilential vapors," and kept it up till we moved the market up on to Fulton street. And now they're getting more pernickier still. Why, Dan, since the smallpox came they are getting so they won't allow our hogs to run in the street any longer.

"Heinrich Astor!" said I (he liked to be called by his German name) "what won't they be ordering next? Pigs in the street are the best scavengers a city can have. You mark what I tell you, Hen; if they shut the pigs up the gutters will get so full of slops and stuff there won't be any living inside the city limits. Why, it would take a herd of swine to clean up what your slaughter houses alone dump into the street."

### Adds Fifty Pounds per Head.

Drew pulled off the deal with Astor, for the cattle "weighed up fine" when they were driven on the scales. By this method of filling the cattle with water he had added fifty pounds to the weight of each one. He was much pleased with this deal, and he writes:

I felt so rich from my stock watering deal that I stayed at the Bull's Head tavern a spell. And a day or two after the business with Astor I started down to the city to see about getting a new saddle. My old one was so worn that the stuffing was coming out; for, although I had been making money for some years back, I hadn't felt like spending any more of it than I could help. My idea in those days was: Better a hen tomorrow than an egg today. Small savings, if you keep them up long enough, mean big savings by and by. If a fellow is going to be rich he must get money working for him early in life. A swarm of bees, in May is worth a load of hay; but a swarm in July isn't worth a fly.

Astor was as sharp as Drew, for he soon found out what had made the cattle weigh so heavy. After hunting for Drew he found him in William street. "Hey, you," said he, bursting in through the door and puffing hard, "you tammed Dan Drew." (Hen Astor's English was more crooked than ever when he was excited.) "I want to speak just one word with you, you—"

But Drew didn't wait. He hurried away, and went back to Putnam county. "The Bull's Head had done so well for Drew that he kept tavern there for some time and got all there was to be gotten out of the butchers and drovers that patronized his bar.

### Gets in with the Commodore.

It was not long before Drew got in with Commodore Vanderbilt. "I had lots of faith in him," he writes, "and his judgment," and he followed his lead in the steamboat and railroad business. When the railroad from New York to Albany was finished Vanderbilt said to Drew, who was then running steamboats:

"You might just as well hang up your fiddle. We've got you whipped. Own up. Your steamboats can't hold out against the railroad that goes along the rails thirty miles an hour like a streak of lightning. Give up the boat business. Boats can't live on the Hudson river any longer. It won't pay you to fight."

But Drew was not so easily downed as that; he fought and he paid him. Railroads were now all the rage. Vanderbilt having made so much money out of him, and at about this time the greatest railroad of his day,



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the Erie was finished. "I was soon to make a bag of money out of this Erie road, so I came to know a good deal about it." And then and there began Drew's connection with Fisk and Gould. He knew something about the region of country through which the Erie road was to run and he hankered to get control of things. "When you own the hen you own the eggs also," he writes, "and when you control a railroad that's the same as owning it—you own what the road makes."

### Made People Dislike Him.

He set the trap and he caught the fox.

With much frankness Mr. Drew tells us: "This Erie enterprise in my life, let me say right here, got a lot of people disliking me," and he adds: "Oh, they ripped it on to me good and hard. I suppose I have put up with such abuse during my life as have few other men that ever lived. But, being of a peaceable disposition, I have forgiven these enemies of mine all the hard things they said. I always turn my other cheek, as it were. A quiet cow can get along with short horns, and if, when enemies revile you and say all manner of evil against you you don't answer back, but just go on your own peaceable way it sort of takes all the spunk out of them. By and by they get over being mad and stop their mud-throwing. Anyhow, I never did care mud-sucks what people were saying about me. So many have taken a kick at me that if I were tender I suppose I'd be so sore by this time that I couldn't sit down, but my saddle is leather, so to speak, he becomes tough, so that I don't mind their kicks any more.

Drew's frankness in this book is almost beyond belief. He admits that he played a sharp game, but he defends it. In the Erie business he makes his excuses that he was hard pushed for funds, that his fortune had stopped growing, and that there was nothing for him to do but to grasp everything in sight. Not only could he predict every turn in Erie shares, but he calmly remarks that he could do even better: "He could make it turn in either direction he chose."

I had the horse by the halter, so to speak, and could lead him where I wanted. If my operations on the stock exchange made it needful for the stock to go up I could give out that the road was prosperous—and the stock would go up. Or if I was in a bearish temper and wanted her shares to slump I could make the road unprosperous for a time and then stocks would go down to the point where I wanted them.

### Gets Them "Going and Coming."

And then he tells just how he did it—a most shameless confession. "This," he unblushingly says, "is the advantage of operating from the inside. You win both going and coming."

Commodore Vanderbilt gave Drew some unhappy moments, but Drew usually came out on top in the long run. The old hypocrite Drew thought that by paying over money to churches and founding theological seminaries he was covering his tracks, but he made a great mistake. People took his money, but it did not shut their eyes to what kind of money it was.

It is not strange that a man of Drew's character and a man of Jim Fisk's character should get together. Fisk introduced himself to Drew and

(Continued on Page 7.)





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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Over the Phone

You saw me at the theatre Thursday night?  
Why, where were you, dear—to our left or right?  
The boy? Oh, just a friend of Jack's, you know.  
No, really, Kate! Who could have told you so?  
Why, how absurd! No, just my brother's chum.  
Oh, silly, why of course I like him some.  
Jack told you! Oh, the great, big, stupid thing!  
Kate, it's a perfect beauty of a ring!

Not now—I'm sure there's someone on the line!  
Don't you think "Robin Hood" just simply fine?  
Where were you sitting? Oh, some time in June.  
I thought Friar Tuck was—No, it's far too soon.  
And Lady Marion—I can't on the phone!  
Kate, please talk theatre and leave me alone!  
Yes, certainly, Will Scarlett was a—  
—Not use what word? O, stop it, do you hear?

Was not the tinkers' chorus just too cute?  
And I just doted on the Sheriff's snit! Sir Guy and Little John and Annabelle!  
And Widow Durden played their parts so well!  
Though Annabelle was rather up-to-date.  
For Robin Hood's time, don't you think so, Kate?  
And Alan—we both thought "O Promise Me!"  
Was sung by him (or her) just splendidly.

Now, there you go again! What did I say?  
To make you giggle in that crazy way?  
Say, Kate, you know those things screwed on the seat?  
Of course we had to have a ten-cent treat!  
Well, listen, that stuff softened in my hand.  
And when I started to applaud,—oh, land!  
If you could see my gloves! They are a sight!  
Do you think gasoline would be all right?

Yes, I have heard the opera before.  
Bostonians—five years ago, or more.  
Why, yes, we liked it just as well this week.  
I mean, I liked it! Don't you dare to speak!  
She has a splendid voice. Yes, so has he.  
That scene was pretty, 'round the greenwood tree.  
There goes our door bell, Kate! Do come up soon.  
I think it's—Good night, Kate, you little loon!

The Washington, Iowa, Democrat, can give most of us a few pointers in musical criticism, as witness the following from a recent issue:  
"He played 'Nearer My God to Thee' and gave the four parts. It was certainly sublime. We do not usually rant over fiddling but Simler is there with the goods. He is also a whistler of note and whistles better than the average whistler who makes it his or

her exclusive business." He doesn't look very pretty when he sticks his fingers into his mouth to whistle, but he gets the notes. The crowd could hardly get enough of him. And Miss Bertha Snider, say, the last two pieces, Marche Mignonne and Rondo C Minor were as sweet as anything we ever heard. We have heard several good piano players, but she was as pleasing as any. And it was splendid to see her come on and get off the stage, she is so graceful and self-possessed and yet wholly modest and sweet. Ordinarily we do not like piano solos, but we started the encore to bring her back the last time, and we are proud of it. Miss Bertha Snider is all hunk-dori."

### Clergymen and the Theatre

The Montreal Witness contains a page of valuable interviews with prominent clergymen of that city, giving their opinions of a great play which recently was given there by Forbes-Robertson, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The Witness takes the common-sense ground that the only way in which higher dramatic standards can be obtained is by having those who wish these, support heartily the best plays that are offered.  
"If ever the theatre has a claim upon the Christian minister," stated Mr. Unsworth, of the Bethlehem Congregational Church, "it is when Mr. Forbes-Robertson so beautifully and hopefully depicts the transforming power of Christly love. This play is evangelistic. It is a drama of conversion. It is not too much to say that the eight engagements at the Princess theatre constituted a series of evangelistic services."

"The passer-by was a perfect pastor. He won people's confidence, to win their souls. It was a play to inspire a preacher. I came out stirred, softened, humbled."

The Rev. H. Symonds, D.D., vicar of Christ Church Cathedral, was frankly enthusiastic about "The Third Floor Back." He had seen it in New York five or six weeks ago, and had been so impressed that he went again, with the older members of his family, when it came to Montreal, and sent his boys to the Saturday matinee.

"Of course," he said, "it has to be understood at the beginning that the play represents an ideal, and not a series of events that really happened. Mr. Forbes-Robertson did not consider himself as personifying Christ, but he was certainly portraying the spirit of Christ. He told the little slavy who had been born in a workhouse, that a King had been born in a stable. The play was intended to show, and did show, marvelously, how man's better nature can awaken all that is best in another—even the fake mine promoter collapsing when shown that the other had confidence in him."

Dr. Symonds added that he felt proud that Montrealeers, by crowding to see so noble and inspiring a production, had belied the statement so often made by theatrical managers that "the public want vulgarity and we only give them what they want." Though stating that he only attends the theatre at rare intervals, the Rev. Dr. Clark, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, was quite willing to discuss "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and plays of that character. Evidently he considered them worth while. Indeed, he said as much without delay.

"The theatre," Dr. Clark remarked, "is not to my mind harmful in itself. It may exert the same force in the opposite direction, by showing coarse, impure or suggestive plays. I would not say anything against good comedy. Of course I know this is not exactly along the line we are talking, but

such productions as "H.M.S. Pinafore" are beautiful. Plays of a lighter nature are, I think, all right in their place. But one of the faults I find with these is that they often induce people to spend more than they can well afford. It is a costly pleasure, theatre-going.

"What did I think of the 'Passing of the Third Floor Back'? Why, it was splendid. I cannot fail to do good. Of course Forbes-Robertson himself attracted many of the people attending, but many, I believe, were attracted by the play. I was, I know, and I feel sure that there were many others. Why, a man said to me the other day that he had attended, and that it had made him feel he was in church. The play itself is a sermon, and he saw about him the church-going crowd."

"Don't you think that the people, by supporting that play as they did, showed they would support others of its kind?" The question was asked by Dr. Clark, and was addressed to the reporter.

This was turning the tables with a vengeance. It was unfair of the Doctor. It was also unprecedented. The reporter maintained a masterly silence. But this did not bother Dr. Clark. He answered his own question, stating distinctly his belief that this was demonstrated.

"Yes, more productions such as the 'Passing of the Third Floor Back' would be a fine thing," he continued, as the reporter rose. "These would make the stage more what it should be."

### THE OLD SHARK'S CAREER

(Continued from page six.)

they immediately "chummed" up. Drew describes him as "a big man, heavy set, with blond hair and a moustache the color of a Jersey cow. He wore a velvet vest, cut low, so as to show well night half of his shirt bosom. His hands were fat and had rings all over them. I could see he was a fellow to scrape up acquaintance on short notice."

These two worthies soon got their heads together and played the public for all they were worth.

### Most Shameful Confession.

Let me say right here and now that this book is the most shameless confession of a scandalous life that I have ever read. If Daniel Drew has left any descendants, if there are any of his family still living, I should think that they would want to throw the money that he left them into the fire and change their names.

We must believe this story, for Bouck White, Drew's biographer, according to his publisher, is "head" resident at Trinity house, New York City, and a prominent factor in the work of this institution, which seeks to unite all classes and creeds in the cause of good citizenship and make the Christian church a telling factor for the social and civic betterment." The book is entertaining from start to finish, for not even David Harum himself ever said more amusing things—his illustrations were as pat as any that the famous horse trader ever invented.

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## HOME AND SOCIETY

EDMONTON

Things social have been at a standstill for the past week, the warm weather seeming to have turned everyone's thoughts to summer outings, rather than the giving of tea parties. Those who are not leaving town right away are at least preparing to do so, and from now on until the autumn I imagine there will be little of a social nature to chronicle.

Mrs. Wallbridge's tea on Friday of last week, was an altogether delightful one; lovely light frocks, an abundance of beautiful flowers, the kindness of hostesses and a charming house, combining to make it one of the prettiest of the season.

Mrs. Wallbridge received her guests at the entrance to the reception room, aglow with great bowls of daffodils and tulips, and looked exceedingly well in a pretty satin aches of roses gown with handsome jewelled passementerie.

Out in the tea room, presided over by Mrs. Short, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman and Mrs. Driscoll, the decorations were all in pink; pink shaded candles on the buffet with a large bowl of pink tulips, and three glass bowls of the same beautiful spring flowers on the artistically arranged table itself. A further airy effect was accentuated in the filmy lace dollies placed here and there on the polished board.

In the hall Turner's orchestra discoursed sweet music, and among the smartly-dressed women I noticed present were Mrs. Cuthbert and her guest, Mrs. Jack Woods, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. James Biggar, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Cornwall, Madame Thibaudau, Miss Shibley, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Blain and a great many others.

I noticed that a great number stole off before departing to see the bonnie wee son of the house, who was watching the "chuckens" in the yard at the back, and receiving a small-sized ovation with wonderful equanimity.

I have heard of nothing so unspeakably sad since coming West as the death on Tuesday last of the two small sons of Mr. and Mrs. Smuck, aged seven and three, on the one day.

Even among those to whom the little lads and their parents were strangers, so tragic a happening must awaken the very deepest sympathy. Sorrow is universal, visiting one to-day and another to-morrow, and I am sure that in their crushing loss Mr. and Mrs. Smuck will find that the heart of Edmonton, so responsive to suffering and need at large, will go out to them in a common kinship.

Mrs. J. H. Woods of Calgary and her little daughter, Eleanor, have been spending the week the guests of Mrs. M. R. Jennings.

Mrs. Sydney Woods and her children leave this Saturday for their usual summer outing at Bowen Island. Mr. Sydney Woods incidentally sails for England on May 11th to appear in the big C.P.R. taxation case.

A united meeting of the three local chapters of the Daughters of the Empire is to be held at Mrs. Slocock's residence on Saturday evening, April 30th, at 8.30, when Miss Talbot, of London, Eng., the secretary of the Victoria League, will address the meeting, and any other interested in the work, on the aims and objects of the society. I believe that Miss Talbot is specially anxious to meet teachers and those interested in immigration matters. The objects of the League as stated in their leaflet, are as follows: To promote mutual understanding, help and intercourse between all citizens of the British Empire. Its work has been called the "organization of sentiment." Few people are without some feeling of sympathy with and interest in the distant lands which equally with their own make up the King's dominions; and there are few

who would not do something, however small, to increase good feeling and serve the great cause of Imperial unity. The League is the outcome of an attempt to focus these feeling and aspirations, and to provide an organization through which members of the Empire may coize into personal touch with one another and obtain the understanding which comes of mutual service. The Victoria League is absolutely outside all party politics, comprising men and women of every shade of political opinion, and is so constituted that, while carrying on a permanent organization for hospitality and educational work, it can readily form a special committee to deal on non-party lines with any Imperial question which may be of interest at the moment (such, for instance, as the Tercentenary celebrations at Quebec).

I had a bright little note from Dr. Sygne this week, stating that she was returning to Edmonton "for keeps" in August, and is meanwhile enjoying the benefit of seeing the Mayo Brothers practise their wonderful surgical art. Further she states that Mrs. Murphy is very well and going to get up the next day, April 24th. Previous to retitting down in Edmonton again in August, Dr. Sygne is going to spend a month at Athabasca Landing.

## Colored Supplements Strongly Condemned

"The comic supplement makes for lawlessness, debauched fancy, irreverence," says a writer in the May Good Housekeeping magazine.

"With the end in view of speaking intelligently, and with the forlorn hope that some glimmer of true comedy might be found to temper an already disapproving frame of mind, I did what several others have done who have been called upon to lift their voices in protest against this innocuous sheet—I secured copies of the Sunday supplement from all parts of the United States and I spread them out upon the floor, and I made what—a carpet of hideous caricatures, crude art and poverty of invention, perverted humor, obvious vulgarity and the rudest coloring. And that is the carpet upon which the children of the United States play every Sunday morning—the new children's hour," as Mr. Scheffauer has aptly styled it.

"We pride ourselves upon our national sense of humor and we are throttling it in the coming generation as effectually as may be. As one editor points out, 'Americans have suffered many stupid things to go on; but nothing must seem to a foreigner so at variance with American sagacity and good sense as the cutting down of our forests to make wood pulp for the vulgarization of the children of our country. We are exchanging our noble woodlands for cheap and tawdry sheets with no redeeming feature of wit, humor, good sense or wholesome entertainment.' "In the comic supplement is a distressing poverty of invention, the glorification of the self-sufficient 'kid,' the smarty, the up-to-snuff type of children—the worst of the all-to-prevalent types of forward child. The child who lives by practical joking is found in its pages, and the one for whom nothing is reverent and nothing can awe. Its so-called fun consists chiefly in making game of old people, who are always the victims of the young hero, and seemingly ineffectual in the inability to counter the resource or marvellous ingenuity displayed by the smart kid; some wretched animal or harmless individual is being

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 Wednesday and Thursday in  
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## Home and Society

Calgary.

J. F. Giese, of Seattle, is in the city.

Mrs. Short entertained at "500" on Saturday afternoon.

Rev. H. Gray, D. F. Gray and W. R. Bartram, were guests in the city for a few days.

Miss Meyers, of England, is touring in Canada, and spent a few days in Calgary this week.

Mrs. S. Dutton left recently for a visit in a guest at Braemar Lodge.

Mrs. H. E. Gillis, 701 Sixth avenue, West, received on Thursday, April 28, and for the last time this season.

Mrs. S. Dutton left recently for a visit to Minneapolis, where she will be present at the marriage of her sister.

Mrs. W. C. McKillop is visiting friends in Edmonton.

Mrs. C. M. Herron is the guest of Mrs. Sanford Davis this week, prior to leaving for Portland, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Ings entertained the "not out" last evening at a jolly little dance the guests being a number of her youngest daughter's bright little friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mathieson arrived in Calgary Monday and will make their home here. Mrs. Mathieson will be remembered as one of Mrs. Anderson's pupils who came here two years ago to study for a short time before going to her new home in Idaho. Mrs. Mathieson will be a delightful acquisition to the musical circle, possessing not only a rich contralto voice but a fine personality.

The O.W.R. Club was entertained by Mrs. Dunlop on Tuesday. Some of the members present were Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. May, Mrs. McMullen, Mrs. Maguire, Mrs. Paddon, Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Bennock, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Astley, Mrs. Guernsey, Mrs. Binny, Mrs. A. Campbell

and Mrs. Milne. Splendid musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Paddon and Mrs. Dunlop.

Mrs. Herron was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Taggart. Among those who enjoyed the delightful repast and the cheerful conversation were Mrs. Herron, Mrs. Sanford Davis, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Findlay. Mrs. Herron appeared at her best in a beautiful blue gown richly trimmed in cream and gold and the hostess was particularly attractive in a silk organdie with pretty floral design, while the table decorations were exquisite roses and carnations.

The ladies of the Bow Valley Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, entertained their friends on Wednesday evening, in the Victoria Block Masonic rooms, to a game of progressive whist.

The first prize for ladies was carried off by Mrs. Stirret, while the gent's was won by Mr. Dickenson. The consolation prizes were awarded to Miss Rogers and Mr. Hill. Supper was served at midnight. A good programme of musical and literary numbers were given, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. About eighty guests were present.

Mrs. Herron was the raison d'être of a very charming little farrowell tea given by Mrs. Spence, Suite 11, Marlborough Mansions, on Monday afternoon. The table was beautifully done in pink roses, most artistically arranged among the delicate white vases. The popular hostess, always bright and cheery, was prettily gowned in a champagne silk costume, and the guest of honor wore a very dainty and perfectly fitting afternoon reception gown.

Miss Mans, in a pale cream, efficiently assisted the hostess. Among those present were Mrs. Herron, Mrs. Darker, Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Mans.

A very enjoyable 500 claimed Mrs. Ings as a competent hostess on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Ings wore a chic costume of green silk and was assisted

ed by her sister, Miss Young, who was charming in a rich gown of Dresden silk. The Misses Ings in dainty muslin frocks, with their usual capability were valued assistants. The reception rooms were made so pleasing to the observant eye with many clusters of carnations of rich and varied hues and a suitable setting of green.

The lovely prizes were won by Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Mowburn. Among the guests were Mrs. Darker, Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Duffin, Madeline Talbot, Mrs. Sanford Davis, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Bone, Mrs. Tregillus, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Peake, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Rickards, Mrs. Jepson, Mrs. Smith.

A jolly five hundred claimed Mrs. Lilly as hostess on Friday afternoon. The cosy home was brightly pretty with stately palms, graceful ferns and exquisite clusters of roses and carnations. Mrs. Lilly, wearing a blue tulle silk costume, extended a graceful and warm welcome to her friends. Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Ings and Mrs. Harris were the successful players, and won the pretty prizes. Some of those who played at the six tables were: Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Berkshaw, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Mowburn and Mrs. Atkinson.

### UP-TO-DATE CHRISTIANITY

This article is neither a sermon nor a lecture; it is only a modest effort designed to show in some measure that Christianity is not an antiquated institution, but a vital power, imperceptibly working in modern, every-day life. There can be little doubt that the rush and hurry of the present age tend to make very many of us impatient, and even intolerant. There is a constant ever-increasing demand for what is new, and Christianity is not new. Hence, religion is thought by many to be out of date, and altogether unable to assimilate itself with the conditions of modern life. But is it so? Let us not trust to cursory glances. For the present, let us assume that

the terms "Christianity" and "religion" are synonymous; that they both indicate for all time the highest state of life to which humanity can aspire, and that this state, in conjunction with the lower life, may take to itself a great variety of forms of operation. It is our present purpose to endeavor to briefly trace this supernatural life as the mainspring of some so-called "secular" movements where its presence is generally but dimly recognized and in many cases entirely unsuspected.

Now, we start out with the bold assertion that the "central foundation" of every man's character is Christianity. And whether he admits it to himself or not, or whether or not others attribute his personal excellencies to this source, the fact in our opinion remains, that religion is at the root of his goodness. Do you say the man is not religious, only moral? Well, be it so, but remember that genuine morality is only religion in its working clothes, for, to be moral is to resist evil, and self-restraint is the first rung on the Christian ladder.

Turning for an instant to the political arena, we find an ever-increasing sensitiveness towards truth, honor and upright procedure. Men are being daily more and more sought after who have character rather than wealth, honor instead of craft, and purity of motive in preference to mere mental ability. What is now held up to public exaltation in political life in years gone by would have been, and was, universally tolerated. Is not Christianity at the root of all this betterment? If not, what is? Nay, the waters of public life today appear to be moved by an unseen, righteous agency more than ever they were before. All this is in our opinion an indisputable sign that Christianity, so far from dying out, was never before in stronger evidence—the world, in fact, is getting better. It would be foolish to deny, however, that adverse influences are ever at work to impede the progress of right, but conquest must always follow contest. "The roots of the tree are always stronger on the side next the prevailing winds."

Again, most of the recreations of the people have been mixed up with so much evil that the work of purging them was once looked upon as almost beyond hope; most of us know what

was meant only a few years ago by the word "sport." Yet, who today is ignorant of the unceasing warfare against cruelty? Already the cockpit, the badger-baiting, the bull-ring have gone forever, and others of like nature have certainly to follow. Now, who or what is doing all this? Surely, this war would not be still in active progress if we as a people had outgrown Christianity.

Further, with regard to the poor (who are to be always with us); the insane, the degraded, the prisoners, the fallen women, the soldiers and sailors, the slum people, the drunkards, the sick, the blind—are they all unheeded, forgotten, despised, neglected as they once were? Ah, no! Philanthropy (see derivation of the word) is now the order of the day. There is an ever-widening heaven at work all unseen in the hearts of our populace. To what origin, then, would you attribute such matters as the Lord's Day Act, the increasing sanctity of the marriage vow, the growing reverence for women and children, the Royal Humane Society, the "housing of the poor," movement, the temperance societies, the Royal S. P. C. A., the White Slave traffic movement, et hoc genus omne? All these, you say, are the result of advancing civilization. Perhaps, but what is civilization the result of?

Turning, in conclusion, to our professed religionists of today, what do we find? There was never known greater activity in the churches. To say nothing of the vast missionary movements afoot, our clergy are more indefatigable in their efforts, and more holy in their lives; our services are more devout, our Sunday schools are more efficient, and our church people, young and old, are more reverent and earnest than ever before. The decay of Christianity is certainly not responsible for all this; to which may be added that the churches are gradually but surely being drawn closer together. And with regard to this latter it may be said that the more than sectarian differences give place to a broader charity—the more that we all stand shoulder to shoulder, not in a war against Germany, but in a universal effort to cement the nations in the great doctrine of human brotherhood. The sooner shall we fall into line with this living, moving, up-to-date Christianity.

GEORGE BOWKER.

### Starland

Another great war picture is billed for Friday and Saturday of this week at this popular theatre. The Critic says: "The Rally Round the Flag," will wind up the year 1910 for the moving picture theatres in a blaze of glory." It is the greatest, grandest and most impressive war picture ever turned out, and old G. A. R. men who have seen it say it is the Civil War atmosphere and spirit down to such exactness that they can almost recognize themselves and their comrades in the thrilling battle scenes which are the big feature of the film. The story is satisfactory alike to Blue and Grey for it depicts the heroism of both sides. Battalions of Infantry, troops of Cavalry, batteries of artillery, mines exploding and bombs bursting from positively the greatest opportunity for effects ever offered. Don't forget this magnificent picture.

### ALBERTA

From far MacKenzie Basin, Down to the southern line, West to the cloud-topped Rockies, East, to Saskatchewan, We hail our fair Alberta, The home of rugged men, To thee we give our homage, For thee we do our work; Take thou our earnest manhood, Mould thou our every thought, Bind thou each arm and muscle, To do a work, well wrought. Wake thou our many peoples, One nation grand and free, In hope and aspiration Our country—all for thee—Hail, hail, to fair Alberta, I pledge my life to thee! O. A. BROUGHTON. April 16, 1910.

### "No English Need Apply."

Editor Saturday News: Sir—I have read Mr. Rolt's letter in your last issue about the above advertisement in a Winnipeg paper. If I were an Englishman (most assuredly I am not) I would take no notice of it, but console myself with the reflection: "That whoever wrote it, wrote it well. For the same is written on the gates of hell."

Yours truly,  
M. E. O'BRIEN.

Wetaskiwin, April 25, 1910.

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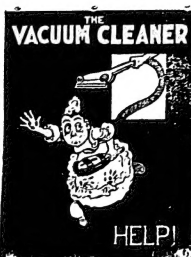
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TENT & MATTHEWS CO.,  
619, SECOND STREET.



## MEN NEVER KNOW

Men mourn the ties that women tie—  
The cunning, heartless lies—  
Her Judas-lips that hide so well  
The narrowing of her eyes.  
A heart is hers; she seeks to give it—  
A soul is hers; she does not know it.

The game is called; how well she will play it—  
Her debt is there; she does not pay it.  
Men mourn the lies that women tell—  
The cunning heartless lies.

Men do not know the lies that women tell—  
The brave, heartbroken lies—  
Her smiling lips that hide from men  
The shadows in her eyes.

A heart is hers; for just a while—  
A soul is hers; it bears defeat—  
The game is called; her wit on high—  
Her debt is there; dear God! she smiles.

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vogue caught men with a seizing, capriciousness. Wonderful, indeed, were some of the "tickets" that into train-knocked doorways were flung of fashion and dandies of the first water. The first visiting cards—the other signs—over shops—in the intervening, indicated a man's trade or profession. An excellent idea, and one that if employed at the present time would give fair warning of the appearance of the guests, travelling salesman and the ubiquitous wind-bags.

Doctors, for instance, used scientific instruments as their cards; naval officers a ship, and so on. Artists naturally made their own designs, and following the prevailing mode we find Sir Joshua Reynolds' name card, which the "scribble" writers call "a creation of his own fancy."

Needless to remark, some of the specimens were exceedingly ornate and conveyed in picture the quaint conceits of their possessors. But how fascinating to look back on these elegant days, when men were courtly and women graceful as angels. To pick up these little ephemeral reminders of long-forgotten identities, and trace in the flourishing cursive the characters of the names who painted them a century and a half ago.

And because some of the men or women lived in them, the cards survived and have come down to us, while our dull, dull and flavorless pasteboards gain day after day they are received in the waste-paper basket, or fire-wind, when, in a trice, their ghostly images soon drop into ashes.

## HE GOT RELIEF RIGHT AWAY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE  
KIDNEY DISEASE OF EIGHT  
YEARS STANDING.

That's What they did for William O. Cain, and now he says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are a great medicine."

Mapleton, Alberta Co., N.B., April 25.—(Special).—"When I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I got relief right away. I have heard Dodd's Kidney Pills a great medicine." So says William O. Cain, well known and highly respected in his neighborhood. And Mr. Cain has a very good reason for making so emphatic a statement. For eight years he has suffered from Kidney Disease, and did not seem to be able to get relief.

"Why, I was a fool," Mr. Cain goes on to state, "and my kidneys bothered me so that if I would go to pick anything off the ground I would fall." But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him just as they have cured thousands of other sufferers all over Canada. They never fail to cure Kidney Disease of any kind. Not only so, but scores of times, they have vanquished Bright's Disease, the most deadly of all kidney troubles, while every day brings stories of cures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dropsy and Heart Disease from various parts of the Dominion. Other kidney medicine's my cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure.



## ATLAS

Atlas is simply a natural expression of the fact that the world is a burden, and as all good things it is best to be done in love, so this burden is borne in love, in the arms of a friend, not upon the back, where the slave puts his load. There is no other purpose nor meaning in this figure, and I have conceived, modeled and carved it in memory of my dear mother, to whom I dedicate it.—C. W. B. Co., glass.

## The Store of Quality

Mother says:

"I'm quite content to give all my honors to

"Mother's Bread"

It's the best I've tasted.  
I couldn't make better if I tried."

Made only by  
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Prompt attention to day or night calls  
524 Nanyo Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

## Eyes tested at Watcher's

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We grind our own lenses and are prepared to fill the most difficult prescriptions or to replace broken lenses, while you wait. We are always at your service.

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Glasses ground on premises  
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We are offering some of the most up-to-date millinery at prices unusually low, at

The Toronto Millinery



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SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1910.

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Treats successfully all curable dis-  
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Miss Beatrice Crawford  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
Accompanist  
Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

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MRS A. WHITMARSH  
Has opened a Dressmaking Parlor at  
120 McDougall Avenue.  
Eight years' experience in Eastern  
Canada.  
POSITIVELY ALL WORK  
GUARANTEED



## THE LOUNGER

## THEIR BUNGALOW

Just as a pair of robins build  
Their love-nest without the aid

Of some concurred bird who dares  
To tell them how it shall be made.  
So John and Mary proudly planned  
Their home and deemed 't would be a  
sin,  
Amid their rosy dreams, to let  
An architect come butting in.

Alas! It was not wisely planned  
For doors and windows, so they find  
Are out of place; some rooms too  
large  
And some too small; but, never  
mind!  
With pride they show their house to  
friends.

Who, as they view it, come to know  
Why John and Mary will persist  
In calling it their "bungle, oh!"  
—Nixon Waterman, in the Saturday  
Evening Post.

Texas is supposed to be a rival of  
Alberta in the immigration field. A  
Clareholm man has been travelling  
down in that state and writes back  
that there is no need to fear anything.  
He came across a deserted shanty in  
which there was this inscription:

"What the Devil Did to Texas":  
He put big thorns all over the trees.  
And mixed up sand with millions  
of fleas. He scattered tarantulas a-  
long the roads. Put thorns on cactus  
and horns on the toads.

He lengthened the horns of the  
Texas steers. And put an addition to  
the rabbits' ears. He put a little devil  
in the broncho steed. And poisoned  
the feet of the centipede.

The rattlesnake bites you, the scor-  
pion stings. The mosquito delights  
you with buzzing wings. The sand  
burs prevail and so do the ants.  
And those who sit down need half  
soles on their pants.

The devil then said that throughout  
the land. He'd arrange to keep up  
old Satan's own brand. And all should  
be mavericks unless they bore. Marks  
or scratches of bites and thorns by  
the score.

The heat of the summer is one hun-  
dred and ten. Too hot for Satan and  
too hot for man. The wild boar roams  
through the black chaparral. Caram-  
ba, this place is too hot for hell.

Our whilom friend, W. J. Bryan, is  
back from South America. On land-  
ing at New York he gave a character-  
istic interview:

"Did you hear of Dr. Cook?" he was  
asked.

"Yes; everywhere I went in South  
America the papers said he was there.  
I met a Texas man who said Dr. Cook  
was a Democrat and asked me if I

didn't hope he had discovered the  
north pole. I told him that while I  
could express no opinion on the con-  
troversy between Peary and Cook, I  
thought, as a general proposition, that  
a Democrat would be more likely to  
discover the North Pole than a Re-  
publican, because the Democrats have  
been out in the cold so long and are  
used to it."

"Jones always calls a spade a spade;  
doesn't he?"  
"Yes—ever since he got kicked out  
of a poker game for calling one a club  
one night."

"Mamma," said a little Chicago girl,  
"do men ever go to heaven?"  
"Why, of course, child. What makes  
you ask such a question as that?"  
"Well," said the little girl, "I've seen  
lots of pictures of angels, but I never  
saw one with whiskers."

"Nevertheless," said the mother,  
smiling, "men do go to heaven, but  
they get there by a close shave."

They were looking at a famous col-  
lection of paintings, and had stopped  
in front of a "Portrait of a Lady."  
"Why that's a Rembrandt!" delig-  
htly exclaimed Mrs. Upsome.  
"I'm not so sure about that," said  
Mrs. Gaswell, bringing her lorgnette  
to bear upon it. "It looks to me more  
like a Merry Widow."

This Language of Ours  
He wore a fuzzy hat, unbrimmed,  
And chuckled vest—  
The colors of his necktie dimmed  
The rainbow's best.

And he wore gaiters, if you please,  
Of tannest tan.  
Yet on the city's payroll he's  
A plain clothes man.  
—Buffalo News.

"I don't like your heart action," the  
doctor said, applying the stethoscope  
again. "You have had some trouble  
with angina pectoris."  
"You're partly right, doctor," said  
the young man, sheepishly, "only that  
ain't her name."

Clerk—"I have a beautiful new edi-  
tion of Mendelssohn's Song Without  
Words" for two dollars.  
Mrs. Newrich—"Indeed. How much  
is it with the words?"

Mrs. Benham—"You have torn my  
train!"  
Benham—"That's all right; your  
train is long enough to be in two sec-  
tions."

The only girl I ever prized  
Deserted me one day,  
She left me for a neighbor  
Who offered her more pay.

When the gentleman with decided  
tendencies toward looking after every-  
body's business but his own saw a fu-  
niture removal van being loaded near  
his house, he sallied forth, on investi-  
gation bent.

"I say, carter," he said bumptiously,  
"are the people upstairs moving?"  
The carter looked at him scornfully.  
Then he wiped the perspiration from  
his manly brow.

"No, sir," he retorted grimly, "we're  
just taking the furniture for a drive."

Woman

Oh, woman, you are charming.  
And poets long have sung  
Their sweetest verses to you  
In every written tongue;

But none of them has ever  
Told why it is that you

Will always leave a street car  
of dug gnorW  
—Success Magazine.

## Spring Song.

Make me over, Mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers.  
And thy great heart leaps and quivers  
To revive the days that were:  
Make me over, Mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,  
Count my heart beats one by one;  
Send them where the winters perish:  
Then some golden noon re-cherish  
And restore them in the sun.  
Flower and scene and dust and dream-  
ing,  
With their heart beats every one!

Give me the old clue to follow,  
Through the labyrinth of night!  
Clad of day with heart of fire,  
Things that burrow and aspire.



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please, is the key-  
stone to the struc-  
ture that enables  
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lence in the repro-  
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With the vanishing desire,  
For the perishing delight—  
Only the old clue to follow,  
Through the labyrinth of night!

Make me over in the morning,  
From the rag-bag of the world!  
Scraps of dreams and duds of daring,  
Hoane-brought stuff from far sea-  
faring.

Faded colors once to flaring,  
Shreds of banners long since furled!  
Hues of ash and glints of glory,  
In the rag-bag of the world!

Let me taste the old immortal  
Indolence of life once more;  
Not recalling nor foreseeing,  
Let the great slow joys of being  
Well my heart through as of yore!  
Let me taste the old immortal  
Indolence of life once more!

Only make me over, April,  
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me man or make me woman.  
Make me oaf or ape or human,  
Cup of flower, or cone of fire;  
Make me anything but neuter,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
—Bliss Carman.

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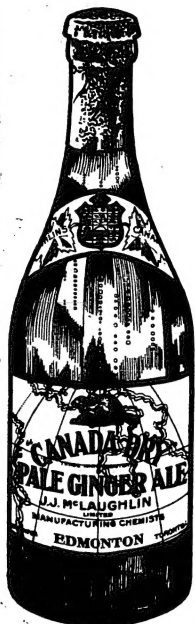
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## BATTLEFORD DURING THE REBELLION

How the Little Settlement Fared When Beleguered—The Story of the Files of the Battleford Herald of 25 Years Ago.

The Battleford Herald, the oldest newspaper in Alberta or Saskatchewan, is at present reproducing some decidedly interesting material from its files of 25 years ago, when the rebellion was at its height.

The Herald was not published from March 27 to April 28 when it re-appeared without any advertisements and with the following notice: "The Herald is published in time of peace every Friday morning. During the existing troubles it will be issued when convenient and when opportunity offers of getting it out of the country. As the mails are cancelled for the present this is very uncertain thing to depend on. Single copies ten cents."

### BATTLEFORD BELEAGUERED

#### How We Spent Our Time and What We Saw and Heard

We resume our narrative of the stirring events that have kept us in trouble this spring at the point to which they were noted when the last issue of the Herald was printed. March 27—We have chosen to put it in the form of a diary, as being best calculated to make it intelligible. On that day the rumors of impending trouble and a general uprising began to float about and to assume the shape of a possibility; and there being no mail this week Col. Morris sent Joe Poiras with despatches to Prince Albert.

Saturday, March 28.—Word having been received that the Indians of the Poundmaker, Strike-him and Little Pine bands were on their way into town for the purpose of making demands on Mr. Rae, the agent, feeling got stirred up, and this was increased as the day advanced and some of the settlers moved into the barracks for protection. A demand was made for additional troops for the defence of the place. Relief was promised.

Sunday, 29.—The firmest believers in the messages that a peaceful conference was all that was desired had their faith badly shaken when it was found that Poundmaker and the other Battle River chiefs were on their way into town at the head of their men, but accompanied only by enough squaws to do the drudgery of the camp.

Judge Rouleau had up to this time been watching and directing affairs on the part of the government. He was one of the firmest in the belief that Riel and his machinations would prove to be only a bit of political bluster, but his views suddenly changed, and in the afternoon he and his family and the family of Dr. Rouleau, and A. T. Berthiaume, Overseer of Public Works, left for Swift Current. Mrs. Rae was also sent away, as would many other women and children had there been opportunity. The Judge's party ran great risk by sleeping at the Stony reserve, but finally reached the railway in safety. The Judge assured us that his only object in going away was to hasten troops to our relief. If their progress is the result of what he calls haste we would like to know what he means by leisure.

It was only when the Indians camped at the Finlayson's farm, seven miles from town, late in the afternoon, that it became realized, and the families living south of Battle River prepared to move to the barracks. The river was at its most difficult stage without being actually impassable, there being a deep, strong current running at each side of the heavy ice in the centre, and the day being far advanced, the refugees had all they could do to cross without attempting to save any of their property. The citizens living on the south side were Messrs. J. M. Rae, Indian Agent; J. A. Macrae, clerk in Indian office; W. J. Scott, registrar; James Clinkskill and family, his partner, T. E. Mahaffy, and Charles Millie, their clerk; J. M. MacKay and family, J. E. Stewart and Alfred Macdonald, of Hudson's Bay Co., Rev. Thomas Clarke, Principal of the Indian Industrial School; Peter Ballantine and P. G. Laurie, with their families. In the course of the night "peace-raiders" the houses of Daniel Finlayson and a well disposed Indians, son, John D. Finlayson, Thomas Macfarlane, and J. M. Macfarlane, burning some of them, driving off a hundred head of choice cattle and half as many horses; and this done, they were ready for a "friendly" talk with the agent.

Monday, 30.—Early this morning the Indians gathered in force of several hundreds in the vicinity of the Indian office, and Poundmaker sent a message to Mr. Rae to the effect that the Indians had heard of a fight between the Police and the Half-breeds, and that as soon as the police had done with these they would turn on the Indians; and they only wanted an assurance from Mr. Rae that it was not so, and the gift of some tea and tobacco and they would return to their reserves. Mr. Rae declined to go to them but agreed to meet the chiefs and headmen halfway between the barracks and their camp and hear what they had to say. With this object in view, he and Mr. McKay, Mr. Ballantine and some others set out to accompany their messenger so as to get Poundmaker's reply without loss of time, but they had not come within speaking distance of the river when they were fired on by some one in ambush. This act of treachery put an end to all negotiations and the party returned to barracks.

The Indians had a big council all afternoon, and the evening and night was spent in carting away goods of all kinds from the shops of the Hudson's Bay Company and Mahaffy & Clinkskill, and raiding and destroying the private houses. The desolation wrought is only equalled by a fire of whose work we say there was "nothing saved." The devilish ingenuity displayed in the destruction of things that were of no use to them would put to the blush a city mob—a thing usually put down as the extreme of everything that is mad and unreasoning. They had a high time generally.

## THE ALBERTA MUSICAL FESTIVAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

pense. Information as to arrangements including hotels, has been sent broadcast throughout the province. The competitions, as last year, take place in All Saints school room, commencing on the morning of Wednesday and continues to Thursday afternoon. On the evening of Tuesday in the Thistle Rink the hands and male choruses will compete, the Festival ending in a grand concert in the Thistle Rink on Thursday evening, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, who will present the prizes to the prize-winners. This concert will undoubtedly prove the biggest musical treat of the year without any exception. A massed chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, and male chorus of one hundred and an orchestra of fifty pieces together with the winning competitors in the various competitions will provide the programme. The adjudicators who will choose the winners are two of the ablest musicians in the west: Messrs. Rhy-

Thomas and Jas. W. Matthews, of Winnipeg. These are the men who gave universal satisfaction a year ago and the committee are fortunate in securing their services for the coming Festival. Admission to the competitors will be by means of a fifty cent ticket, which will entitle the holder entrance on both days. The plan of the seats for the grand concert will be on sale Saturday.

The winners in the various competitions will receive trophies. Handsome shields have been donated by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Frank Oliver, Hon. Dr. Rutherford, Hon. C. W. Cross, and John A. McDougall, M.P.P., and the City of Strathcona, and gold medals for the soloists, pianists and violinists.

The committee in charge of the Festival this year are: Vernon W. Barford, chairman; T. H. Griffiths, secretary; Miss Jean Forsyth, Miss L. A. D. Moore, Jackson Hanby, W. J.

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The following is the programme of competition:

**Tuesday, Mar 3rd.**  
In the Thistle Rink  
8.30-9.00 p.m.—Male Choruses.  
9.00-10.30 p.m.—Brass and Military Bands.

**Wednesday, May 4th**  
In All Saints' School Room  
10.00-11.00 a.m.—Piano, Open.  
11.00-12.00 a.m.—Violin, Open.  
1.30-3.30 p.m.—Piano, Open.  
3.30-4.45 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Buses and Baritone.  
4.45-6.00 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Tenors.

In the Thistle Rink  
8.15-9.15 p.m.—Choral Competition, Small Chorus.  
9.15-9.45 p.m.—Choral Competition, Large Chorus.  
9.45-10.30 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Sight Singing.

**Thursday, May 6th**  
In All Saints' School Room  
9.30-10.30 a.m.—Piano, Sight-playing and Accompanying.  
11.00-11.45 a.m.—Vocal Competition, Contraltos.  
11.45-12.30 a.m.—Vocal Competition, Sopranos.  
2.00-3.00 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Ladies' Trios.  
3.00-3.45 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Male Quartettes.  
3.45-4.00 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Double Quartettes.  
4.00-4.30 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Ladies' Choruses.  
4.30-5.00 p.m.—Vocal Competition, Choral Societies.  
In the Thistle Rink  
5.00 p.m.—Rehearsal of Chorus and Orchestra.  
8.45 p.m.—Grand Concert by Massed Chorus and Orchestra.

The public will be admitted to the Competitions by a ticket, price 50c, good for the two days, (Wednesday and Thursday), and non-transferable. This ticket will also admit bearer to the Rink between 5 and 6 p.m. on Thursday. Admission to the Rink for the Male Chorus and Band Competition on Tuesday evening will be 50c. and 25c.

This year the judges' decision will be given at the close of each competition.

Entries for Sight Singing, Sight Playing and Accompanying will be accepted immediately before the competition.

**As to Railway Rates**  
The following information in regard to railway arrangements is given for the benefit of intending competitors and visitors:

Persons, whether competitors or visitors, attending the Alberta Musical Festival, must purchase a first class, full rate, one-way ticket to Edmonton and obtain a certificate

that they have done so (on the standard certificate form) from the ticket agent who sold the above ticket, and who will issue this ticket on application. This ticket must not be purchased earlier than Saturday, April 30. On arrival at Edmonton the above mentioned certificate must be handed to the secretary of the Festival committee, who will sign it, and these certificates will be re-issued after the rehearsal in the Rink on Monday afternoon.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

aside for a genuine rest, could hardly be improved upon. "Take things easier and get more fresh air," he said. "No worry. Do the most important thing first and then the next; generally the things you don't do aren't worth doing. What you think you ought to do, you want to do up to the hilt and do it quick and then forget it."

"Don't putter. The way to get along in my judgment, is to work up to the limit for a certain limited number of hours and then stop. A man can get further in the long run walking three and a half miles an hour for eight hours out of each twenty-four than he can going two miles an hour for sixteen hours in twenty-four. The first way he can keep going and improve; the last way he will deteriorate and finally have to quit."

## IT IS TO LAUGH

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not always practical. For example, she wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid the sufferers from the sleeping sickness."

King Hearted Matron (giving him a plate of beans)—"You were the youngest in a family of ten? No wonder you didn't turn out well. Your mother had no time to look after you."

Goodman Gongrong—"No, ma'am. I wuz what they call the submerged tenth."

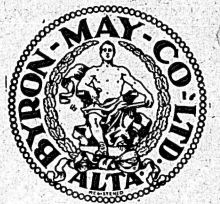
Caller—"I'm collecting for the poets hospital; will you contribute something?"

Editor—"I'll be glad to; come around tonight with an ambulance and I'll have some poets ready."

The society dame was giving a luncheon to the distinguished aviator. "In spite of the dangers of your occupation," she said, "there is an irresistible fascination about it, is there not, Mr. Uppengoo?"

"There is, madam," he answered. "In fact, does not the excitement of it seem to be a species of intoxication?"

"It does, madam," sighed the aviator "and sooner or later every one of us takes a drop too much."



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